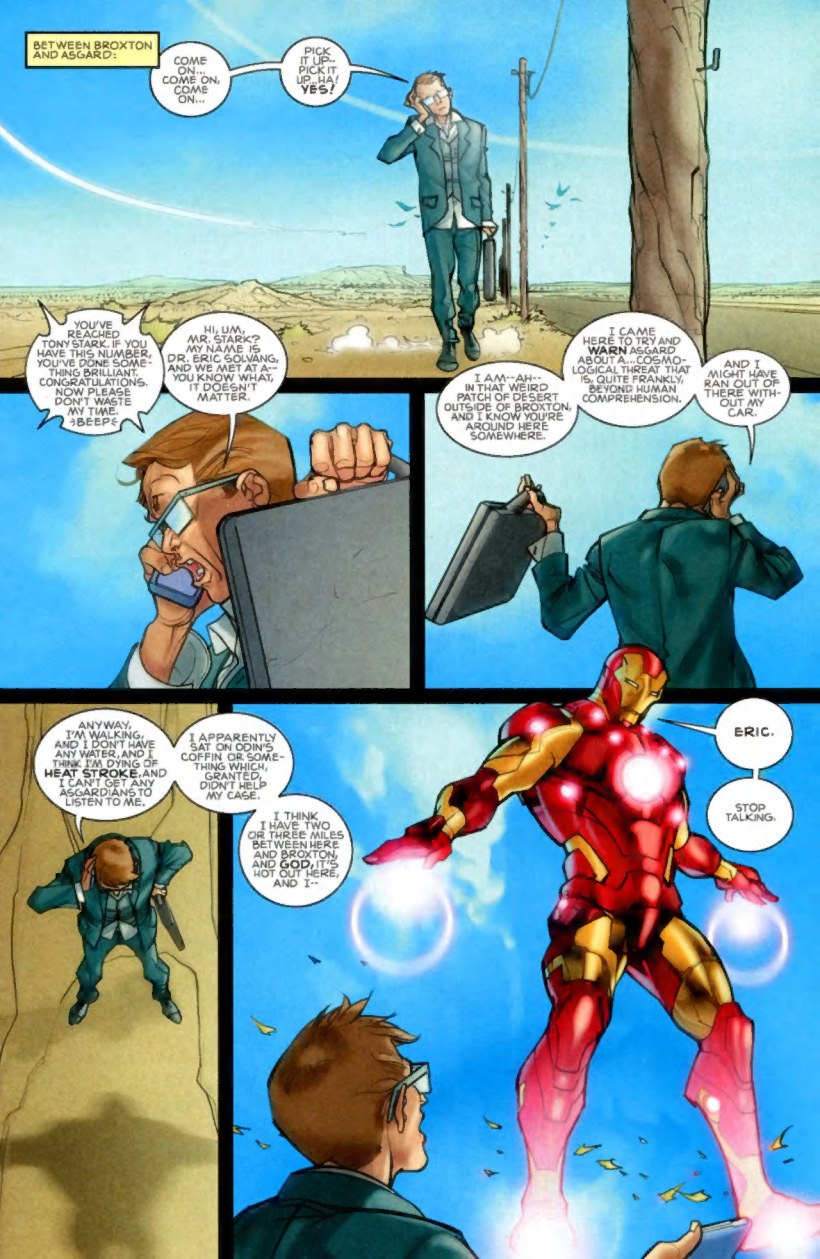
BETWEEN BROXTON AND ASGARD:
COME ON... COME ON, COME ON...
PICK IT UP... PICK IT UP...HA! YES!
YOU'VE REACHED TONY STARK. IF YOU HAVE THIS NUMBER, YOU'VE DONE SOMETHING BRILLIANT. CONGRATULATIONS. NOW PLEASE DON'T WASTE MY TIME. >BEEP<
HI, UM, MR. STARK? MY NAME IS DR. ERIC SOLVANG, AND WE MET AT A-- YOU KNOW WHAT, IT DOESN'T MATTER.
I AM--AH-- IN THAT WEIRD PATCH OF DESERT OUTSIDE OF BROXTON, AND I KNOW YOU'RE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE.
I CAME HERE TO TRY AND WARN ASGARD ABOUT A...COSMOLOGICAL THREAT THAT IS, QUITE FRANKLY, BEYOND HUMAN COMPREHENSION.
AND I MIGHT HAVE RAN OUT OF THERE WITHOUT MY CAR.
ANYWAY, I'M WALKING, AND I DON'T HAVE ANY WATER, AND I THINK I'M DYING OF HEAT STROKE, AND I CAN'T GET ANY ASGARDIANS TO LISTEN TO ME.
I APPARENTLY SAT ON ODIN'S COFFIN OR SOMETHING WHICH, GRANTED, DIDN'T HELP MY CASE.
I THINK I HAVE TWO OR THREE MILES BETWEEN HERE AND BROXTON, AND GOD, IT'D HOT OUT HERE, AND I--
ERIC.
STOP TALKING.

THE REALM ETERNAL LIES IN RUINS.

LOKI THE BETRAYER. LOKI THE WICKED. LOKI THE LIAR LIES IN RUINS WITH IT, RENT ASUNDER BY INCONCEIVABLE EVIL AND UNMOURNED BY ALL SAVE THOR. AGAINST HIS BEST JUDGMENT AND CONDEMNED BY HIS FELLOWS FOR IT, THOR SEEKS TO RESURRECT HIS BROTHER.

QUANTUM COSMOLOGIST DR. ERIC SOLVANG HAS BEEN TRYING — AND FAILING — TO WARN THE ASGARDIANS THAT THEIR END IS NEAR.

THE FORESIGHT OF IMPENDING DOOM ON A SCALE SO LARGE AS TO CLEAVE THE SANITY OF MEN IN TWO BRINGS HEIMDALL, WEEPING, TO HIS KNEES. A DEEPENING DARKNESS IS STEADILY DESCENDING UPON THE ASGARDIANS...AND THERE IS NOTHING THEY CAN DO.

ASGARD HAS FALLEN AND, WHERE THE SHINING CITY ONCE STOOD, THERE IS BUT NOTHINGNESS.

NOTHINGNESS AWAITING THE WORLD EATERS...

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COLOR ART
HOLLINGSWORTH

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WORKMAN

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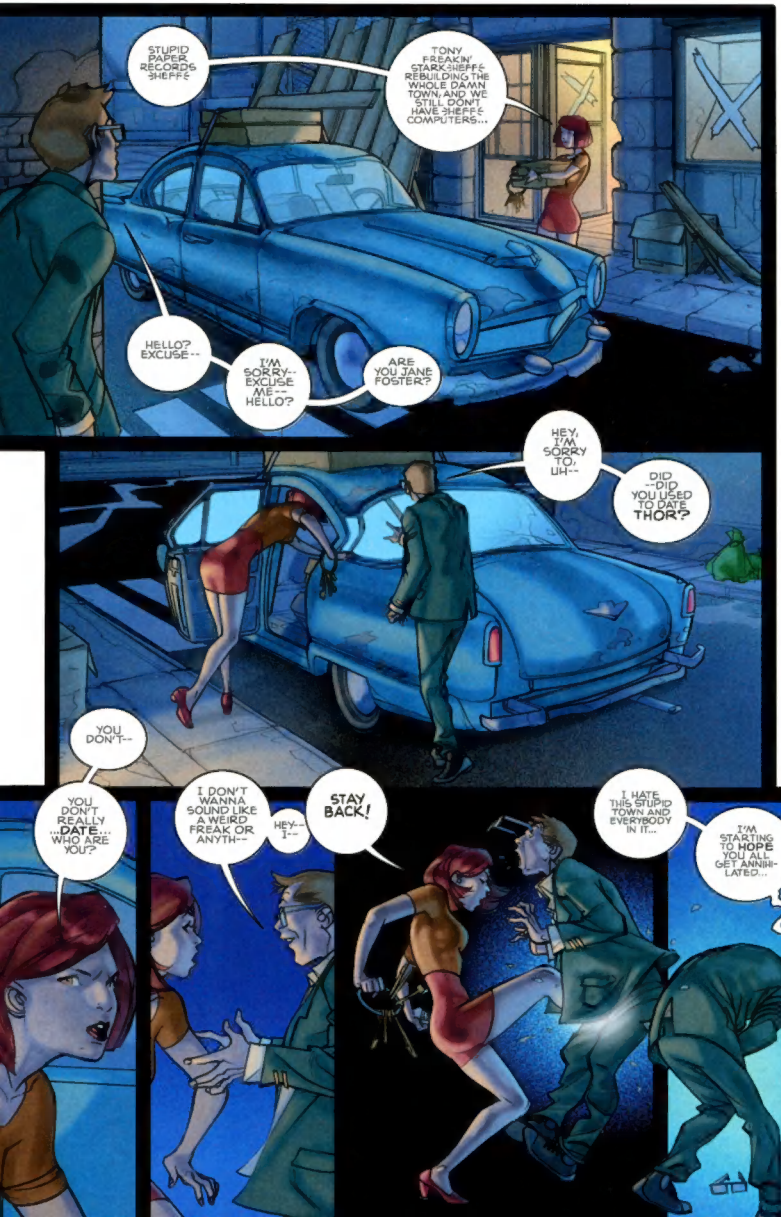
PARIS, FRANCE:
HERE WE GO HERE WE GO HERE WE GO.
LADIES, LADIES, ALL YOU LOVELY, LOVELY LADIES, HERE WE GO.
SHARP EYES AND SHARP MINDS, ONE AND ALL--
IT'S AN OLD GAME. I KNOW. BUT ONE OF THE BEST.
I HOPE YOU ALL WANT TO PLAY WITH ME.
NO SLEEVES. HANDS OPEN. FULL HEART.
THERE ARE NO TRICKS HERE. IS WHAT I'M SAYING, LADIES.
KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE BIG BLOND FELLA.
EVERY-BODY NEEDS SOMEBODY TO LOVE, RIGHT?
SURELY YOU LOVELY LADIES ALL KNOW ...KNOW...

UH... YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
SORRY TO PLAY INTO STEREOTYPES, BUT--AHH--
WHERE WAS I? **STEREOTYPES.** RIGHT. YEAH, OKAY, I--
BIG BLOND GUY. KEEP A LOOK-OUT.
HERE WE GO.
YOU, MA'AM. HARD TO BELIEVE YOU'D BE OUT HERE ALONE ON A FRIDAY NIGHT. THINK YOU'D HAVE TO FIGHT OFF BIG HANDSOME BLOND GUYS WITH A STICK.
LET'S SEE IF OLD **SERRURE** CAN CHANGE YOUR LUCK.
<<OH-OH, MY, YOUR HANDS WERE SO FAST, I-->>
<< I TRIED TO FOLLOW, BUT--BUT-->>
<<THE MIDDLE ONE.>>
NO, I'M SORRY, YOU--
DAMMIT. YOU'RE RIGHT.

WELL, MA'AM. THAT'S GOOD EYES YOU'VE GOT. YOU EARNED YOUR MONEY BACK AND THEN SOME.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF HACK I'D BE IF I DIDN'T OFFER YOU A CHANCE TO DOUBLE YOUR MONEY...
BECAUSE, AFTER ALL, YOU'RE ALL LOOKING FOR LOVE...
OLD SERRURE IS LOOKING TO GET RICH--
WHELP.
<<SERRURE, RUN!>>
YOU!
GO TO HELL.

BROXTON, OKLAHOMA:
IT'S ABSOLUTELY HELLISH OUT THERE.
WELL, WEST OF NORTH-2550 IS PRETTY MUCH ALL DESERT.
YOU KNOW NOW.
I KNOW.
I KNOW NOW, YES.
SO WHAT'S A QUANTUM COSMOLOGIST LIKE YOU DOING IN A DESERT LIKE THAT?
WHAT MAKES AN OTHERWISE BRIGHT NERD LIKE YOU DECIDE TO GO FOR A STROLL THROUGH IT, HOPING TO GOD I HADN'T CHANGED MY PHONE NUMBER FOR THE LAST DECADE?
I'M CHICKEN LITTLE. I'M HERE PLAYING CHICKEN LITTLE.
IT'S LIKE I SAID ON THE PHONE, MR. STARK: THE SKY IS ABSOLUTELY ABOUT TO FALL ON ASGARD, AND I CAN'T GET ANYONE --ANYONE SERIOUS-- TO LISTEN TO ME.
"ANYONE SERIOUS"?
BIG FAT GUY.
VOLSTAGG.
SURE.
YOU'RE A SMART GUY, MR. STARK, AND I DON'T WANT TO TALK DOWN TO YOU.
I FIGURED OUT WHAT THE ASGARDIAN WORLD TREE REALLY IS. I KNOW HOW IT WORKS. I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS. I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS THAT ASGARD IS HERE AND NOT THERE.
WHAT I DON'T KNOW IS HOW TO SAY THIS ANY SIMPLER:
FROM AN EINSTEIN-ROSEN, MORRIS-THORNE, QUANTUM-BRANE-COSMOLOGICAL STANDPOINT, THE PLACE IT USED TO BE IS PRIME REAL ESTATE FOR SOMETHING WE CAN'T --AND DON'T WANT TO-- IMAGINE.
YOU'RE IN LUCK, DOCTOR SOLVANG.
I HAPPEN TO BE A VERY GOOD NERD-TO-ASGARDIAN TRANSLATOR.
I'M GONNA GO SEE A MAN ABOUT YOUR HORSE.

YOU WERE VISITED NOT LONG AGO BY A HUMAN.
WE WERE VISITED NOT LONG AGO BY MANY MANY HUMANS.
YOU'D REMEMBER THIS ONE. HE'D COME HERE TALKING ABOUT THE END OF THE WORLD.
OR THE END OF THE WORLD TREE. ANYWAY. OR--
AH.
VOLSTAGG'S SMALL MAN WITH BIG THOUGHTS.
YES. HE'S RIGHT.
WE KNOW.
--?!?
AND?
AND WHAT? OUR CITY SMASHED. OUR PEOPLE, DEAD. THOR GONE, SEEKING THE FALLEN ONE. ODIN IN HIS SLUMBER. EVEN MIGHTY HEIMDALL HAS BEEN DRIVEN MAD BY STRANGE VISIONS.
HOW DO WE PREPARE FOR ONE MORE THING WHEN ASGARD CANNOT POSSIBLY TAKE ONE MORE THING?
THE SMALL MAN WITH BIG THOUGHTS WAS BUT BREAKING BUTTERFLIES UPON HIS WHEEL.
THE END OF ASGARD? LOOK AROUND YOU, STARK.
ASGARD IS ENDED ALREADY.


STUPID PAPER RECORDS SHEFFE
TONY FREAKIN' STARK SHEFFE REBUILDING THE WHOLE DAMN TOWN AND WE STILL DON'T HAVE SHEFFE COMPUTERS...
HELLO? EXCUSE--
I'M SORRY-- EXCUSE ME-- HELLO?
ARE YOU JANE FOSTER?
HEY, I'M SORRY TO, UH--
DID --DID YOU USED TO DATE THOR?
YOU DON'T--
YOU DON'T REALLY ...DATE... WHO ARE YOU?
I DON'T WANNA SOUND LIKE A WEIRD FREAK OR ANYTH--
HEY-- I--
STAY BACK!
I HATE THIS STUPID TOWN AND EVERYBODY IN IT...
I'M STARTING TO HOPE YOU ALL GET ANNIHILATED...

NIDAVELLIR:
IN MIGHTY NIDAVELLIR, IT WAS SAID THAT ENDLESS HAMMERS OF ELTRI THE SPLITLIP'D'S FORGE RANG OUT SO LOUDLY AND SO FIERCELY THAT THEY DROWNED OUT THE THUNDER OF HEAVEN ITSELF.
TONIGHT...THAT IS NOT THE CASE.
THE ONLY SOUND IN ALL OF DARKFIELD'S IS THE INSANE MUTTERINGS EMANATING FROM THE REFUGE OF THE SEERS.
KEPT HERE FOR AGES, SAFE FROM SUNLIGHT AND FROM HARM.
TODAY THEY HAVE BEEN ABANDONED BY THEIR KITH AND KIN. TODAY THE END COMES FOR THEM ALL.
BROTHERS.
IT IS TIME.
DWARVEN SEERS ARE TWICE CURSED. ONCE WITH FARSIGHT WHICH INVARIABLY DRIVES THEM MAD--
--AND ONCE BY THE SUN ITSELF. FOR IF BARE SUNLIGHT EVER TOUCHES THEIR FLESH, THEY TURN TO STONE.
SO THEY STAY INSIDE SEERS CHURCHES, THEIR WHOLE LIVES SPENT MUTTERING THE INSANE TALK OF SHATTERED MEN WHO HAVE SEEN TIME BEYOND THEIR TIME.
MEN WHO HAVE SEEN THE-END-OF-ALL-THINGS.

THIS IS BAD.
THIS IS REALLY BAD.
CRAZY.
I'M BEING CHASED BY A LUNATIC.
STOP RUNNING.
YOU WON'T ESCAPE.
THE HELL I WON'T.

GETCHABACKLATER.
PROMISE.
ALWAYS CLEANING UP YOUR MESSES.
YOU'RE INSANE, CRAZY MAN.
SHOW ME WHAT YOU GOT.
-WHOA-
-WUDD-

NEW YORK, NY.
COME ON, MAN, I CAN FEEL MYSELF GETTING OLDER BACK HERE...
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?
QUIT RIPPING ME OFF AND GET ME WHERE I--
ZE-13
KNOW WHAT? GO TO HELL, MAN--
HEY, I DROVE YOU HERE FROM JFK, YA JERK--! YOU CAN'T JUST--
COME ON, Y'FREAKIN' TOURISTS. NEW YORKER COMIN' THROUGH.
I SAID, GET OUT OF MY DAMN...

WAY?
DIE, DIE, GREAT BEAST!
UNLADEN YOURSELF OF THE UNLUCKY SOULS YOU HAVE CONSUMED!
BROTHERS! TO ASGARD!
RUN TO ASGARD FOR YOUR LIVES!
TO BE CONTINUED

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